/Chinese, Chinese Moslems and Sedentary Tibetans/

712 361 different from the others. All the inns and shops were in the suburb. The people who owned them were descendants of a long line of old residents who took pride in the very exclusiveness which was imposed by their isolation. Few of them ever left the place, and many had never even seen the neighboring town of Suchow. An inner gate led to the military section of the fortress, where life was entirely different. The yamen, built in traditional Chinese style, was the center of garrison life, and here the general and his family lived, guarded day and night by sentries! Officers marched in and out, and much official business was done, for this was an important military center and the officer in command held a high rank. Unlike the old residents, the military hated the place and seized every chance of being away from it, bitterly resenting the appointment to such a lonely outpost, and longing to be transferred elsewhere. Nothing would have induced them to walk outside the Northwest Gate where that fateful Gobi Desert stretched, and their eyes always turned longingly to the city where, twenty miles away, there was solace, gaiety and life.

712 512 517 If the men disliked Kiayukwan (Chia-yu-kuan), the women hated it. There is nothing to do here all day but sit and listen to that howling wind, they would say frequently.

[529] [521] [796] The ladies of the yamen would gather in each other's rooms, play ma-jong for small stakes, sip tea and gossip. Often the game was prolonged until midnight, with interludes for drawing on the opium pipe, but the next morning's reaction brought a fierce hatred of this place where desert demons hid themselves in dust-clouds and whistled through every crevice of the crazy [569] buildings. The little slave girls learnt to dread the days of blizzard when their mistresses' nerves were tensed and blows were dealt out irritably for the slightest offense.

[796] [574] [545] Each festival of the year was the occasion for a welcome social function, and during the summer months life was made brighter by the frequent exchange of visits with the officials from Suchow. Twice a year a theatrical troupe visited the fortress, and for the three days of its performance all the inhabitants enjoyed themselves and made merry. But it was soon over, and when the properties were packed and carts carried both actors and their belongings elsewhere, life in the fortress relapsed into desolating stagnation.

712 485 484 The third category of human beings to be met in Kiayukwan were the travellers who came, lodged for a night or two at the inns, and forthwith went their ways. Every sunset and every sunrise they arrived, some taking night stages and some travelling by day, but all were travel worn and weary....

484 712 These formed the stream of living men and women who moved up and down the great road, acquainted with life and full of knowledge about distant places. They were familiar with the large

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484 712 cities and the great waterways of China, and had traversed her wide plains by the iron track at speed which seemed fabulous to the owners of these little shops. The static inhabitants saw them come, heard them talk, watched them go, but failed to understand the matters of which they spoke, for, to them everything which they had never seen was unreal, vague, remote and seemed to bear no relation to daily life. Enough for them that today they [432] had sold three boxes of matches, two packets of cigarettes and handful of salt. They cared little for travellers' tales and probably believed none of them....

712 512 [701] [352] [276] The restless soldiers of the garrison rushed to and from the large town, but the old inhabitants cared for none of these things, and when the fortress gates were closed each night they put up the shutters of the little shops and crept under miserable coverlets to lie on the mud kangs, fill their opium pipes and escape into the land of illusion and dreams, which was the only wider horizon that they knew." (pp. 17-20).

361 443 [186] While she was visiting in Tun-huang Miss Cable observed: "The people of Tunwhang (Tun-huang) viewed themselves as the elite of Gobi land, and were abnormally proud of their oasis. They had plenty of money to spend and opened their markets freely to goods from other places, but prided themselves on being a self-supporting community, not only in respect of food, but also in regard to brides and bridegrooms, and they did not approve of marriages arranged between their own children and those of other towns." (ibid.) The people in this district were very conservative.

181 436 441 "One sign of its deep-seated conservatism," observed Miss Cable, "was the backward system of money exchange which it retained. Long after the silver dollar had become the common basis of coinage on the main road, Tunhwang businessmen looked askance at it, and preferred the shoe of silver which was chipped down, weighed up and exchanged for copper coinage. Here again Tunhwang set its standard by allowing one hundred worn and valueless cash to be introduced into each string of a thousand. It became therefore worthwhile to collect these useless copers in other towns, cart them to Tunhwang and dispose of them there. When the reluctance to admit the silver dollar was finally overcome, merchants still discriminated between different issues and refused one or the other according to fancy. The coin stamped with the dragon was depreciated in favor of one designated as the 'standing man' which was Hongkong currency. The dollar bearing the head of Yuan Shih-kai found favor, and for some reason the third-year issue was more highly valued than any other, but when a new coin stamped with the head of Sun Yat-sen appeared, this Gobi town absolutely refused to recognize it because the new president's effigy was small and unimpressive. No other explanation was offered than the words 'The head seems small', but no one would use it.

*668 658 to factories, rural villages, areas along the railways and in the minority districts. Among them, 45 literary and art workers in Sian formed twelve creative writing teams and proceeded to factories, rural villages, areas along the Tienshui-Lanchow railway cities.

2. Propaganda missions by minority representatives

*668 658 *563 a. To minority areas

There was another form of propaganda team which included well-known local leaders as members, with one of them as the head of the group. They were sent to a particular area to win over its minority groups. For instance, in June, 1952, the Northwest Military Administrative Committee sent out two propaganda missions from Sian, one to the Tibetan districts in southern Kansu and the other to pastoral districts in southern Chinghai. Each of these two divided again into two sub-groups. The first sub-group of the mission to the pastoral districts in southern Chinghai, under the leadership of Hsi-jao-chia-tso (Tibetan), visited the Mongolian banners and Chien-cha districts; the second sub-group, led by Hsia-jih-tsang, the Tibetan Living Buddha of Tung-jen hsien, Chinghai, visited Tung-teh and Tung-jen. The first and second sub-groups of the mission to the Tibetan districts in Kansu arrived at Hsia-ho and Lin-tan on July 17 and 20 respectively. The first sub-group led by Chief Huang Cheng-ch'ing (Tibetan) and Deputy Chiefs, Chu Hsia-fu, Ma Pei-ching (Moslem) and Huang hsiang, offered gifts to Labrang Monastery and its Living Buddha, Chia-mu-yang VI, on July 24. The visiting mission's welcome by the [576] Tibetans, who had awaited the mission along the Mien-hsien-Hsia-ho highway, included the most solemn welcome ceremony of salutes fired from horseback and the presentation of katags. Abbot Tachi of Labrang Monastery and the leader of the mosque, Kung Ching-lu, were also present to welcome the mission at the outskirt of Labrang. Similar organizations were formed on other occasions.

b. To Peking, etc.

*668 658 *563 • 484 Besides organizing and sending propaganda teams to the minority groups, the local minority people were also organized and transported inland, especially to the Red capital, Peking, for short visits. There they were exposed to systematic propaganda. They might come to attend meetings, to give performances, to receive training and education, or simply to have a sightseeing tour. The following are some examples.

"The preparatory meeting of the Chinese Moslem Association was held in Peking on July 27-31. The meeting was initiated and convened by eight well-known Moslems among minority nationalities: Burhan, Liu Ko-ping, Saifudin, Ta Pu-cheng, Ma Chien, Pang Shih-ch'ien, Yang Ching-jen and Ma Yu-huai. The meeting was attended by 53 delegates from all parts of China. Among them were Akhuns, Mullah and responsible people of the Moslem groups

*668 of Muslim-Hui, Uighurs (Sarigh-Uighur), Kazaks, Usbeks, Tatars,
658 and Tung-hsiang nationalities. (NCNA Peking, August 4, 1952).

*563 A 45 member delegation from 15 different nationalities of
484 Northwest China arrived in Peking yesterday to take part in the coming October 1st National Day celebrations....

The Northwest delegation, headed by Mainor, an Uigur woman, included the following 15 nationalities: Han, Hui, Uigur, Kazakh, Mongolian, Tibetan, Tunghsiang, (Sarigh-Uighur), Uzbek, Manchu, Tartar, Solon, Khalhas (Kirgiz), Tajik, Sibo and Russian." (NCNA Peking, September 24, 1952).

*668 3. Minority group organizations

*563 Various nation-wide organizations such as the China Buddaist
794 Association, the Chinese Islamic Association, the Chinese Moslem Cultural Association, and the China-Soviet Friendship Association were organized with numerous minority and local leaders as members and sponsors. The local chapters also have propaganda departments. For instance, the Tibetan Buddhists in Chinghai, under the leadership of Hsi-jao-chia-ts'o contributed 728,750,000 for the Resist-America Aid Korea movement in the year 1951 alone. Some monasteries signed patriotic compacts and launched programs of propaganda on current events. According to Hsi-jao-chia-ts'os report,

"The next step is to expand the propaganda work, mobilize the lamas to organize propaganda teams, make use of temple fairs or festivals for propaganda activities, and carry the propaganda deep into the rural villages and nomadic regions.... In pushing the autonomous work in the minority region, Buddhism should give more active support and preach the nationality policy of the People's Government." (Sian, Ch'un-chung jih-pao, November 23, 1951.)

[788] Besides the Buddhists, the Moslems are used to promote the
[648] Communist programs, not only in Northwest China, but some were organized into pilgrim groups to visit Mecca and the Moslem nations in the Near East in order to win the friendship of these nations for Red China.

*668 The special effort to create Sino-Soviet Friendship Associa-
648 tions in northwest China can be seen in the following incomplete figures. By September of 1951, Sino-Soviet Friendship Association organizations had been organized in four provinces, four municipalities, thirty-six administrative districts and 157 hsien in northwest China. There were 1,314 branch associations and 417 sub-branch associations with a total membership of 336,610 of all nationalities. The purpose of this association is to tell the people of the merits of the USSR.

Obviously a special attempt has been made in Northwest China to capture the minorities with propaganda.

Furthermore, in places where restrictions are exercised over the slaughter of cattle and sheep, these restrictions may be relaxed.

B. Guided Tours

Representatives of national minorities from northwest China are invited to visit Peking and other urban centers of north and east China. They are guided to see the factories, schools and palaces of historical interest. After being deeply impressed they are sent back to their homes. They often become good native propagandists for the Party.

C. School Programs

In local schools, the pupils are not spared from propaganda. For instance, in the Mongol schools in the province of Chinghai:

"In mathematics, the number of American and bandit Rhee's troops annihilated by the Chinese and Korean people's armies in Korea and the construction figures in Chinghai were made into questions for the students and the masses to solve. By this way, they not only learned mathematics but they also retained in their minds the victorious results of our war and the great achievements in construction following the liberation." (Sian, Ch'un-chung jih-pao, March 30, 1952.)

D. Other Methods

The whole propaganda system generally functions as follows. When the Party central committee decides to promote certain propaganda, it orders the reporter at every level of the Party organization to report the party line to the people inside as well as outside the Party. Then the propagandists and activists all go out to do the work. This can be done in various ways, according to the situation. In factories, it may be a kind of question and answer. The workers might be asked to check each other with these questions until all got the right answers. In streets, it might be in the form of door-to-door visits and "casual chats." While these were going on, the people would be bombarded daily with the same theme in newspapers, blackboard newspapers, wall newspapers, periodicals, books, pamphlets, pictures, cartoons, radio broadcasts, concerts, lantern slides, movies, plays, operas, story-tellers, picture-story books, street meetings, signature drives, production competitions, challenges, counter-challenges.. and a lot of other devices to drive the point home.

V. The Campaigns and Contents of Propaganda.

A. Campaigns

1. Destruction of organized resistance

The contents of propaganda follow the shifts in the Party line.

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B. Imports:			6,456,722
cotton piece goods		669,884	
raw cotton		47,353	
paper		102,340	
iron and copper goods		40,362	
tea		145,786	
seafood		68,755	
chinaware		13,850	
silk		193,264	
tobacco		48,300	
sundries		5,015,022	
miscellaneous		113,793	
Grand Total			7,993,554

Source: Shina Shōbetsū Zenshi, 1943 ed., Vol. 7, pp. 634-37.

C. Ninghsia

The trade in Ninghsia is centered around its capital city, Ninghsia, which is the midpoint of the two important trade routes in the Northwest, one being the Yellow River, and the other being the caravan routes. The Yellow River route is usually divided into the following six sections:

Table III: The Yellow River Route (downstream)

Places	Length (li) (1 li = 1890 ft.)	Days of Journey
Hsi-ning–Lanchou*	480	3-5
Lanchou–Chung-wei	740	3-4
Chung-wei–Ninghsia	350	3-4
Ninghsia–Shih-ts'uan-tzu	190	2
Shih-ts'uan-tzu–Teng-kuo	200	2
Teng-kuo–Pao-t'ou	1,000	7-10
Total	2,960	20-27

*Including its tributary, the Huang River or Hsi-ning-ho.
Source: Shino Shōbetsū Zenshi, 1943 ed., Vol. 7, pp. 640-41.

The caravan routes consist of the following:

1. from Hsi-ning to Ninghsia via Lanchou,
2. from Sinkiang to Ninghsia via Alashan,
3. from Pao-t'ou to Ninghsia via the Ordos,
4. from Ping-liang, Kansu, to Ninghsia via Hua-ma-chih.

A caravan used to have thirty to fifty camels, each camel carrying about 375 pounds of goods and traveling about fifty to seventy li a day. (For modern highways see section Communications.)

According to 1933 statistics, the total value of exports and imports of Ninghsia amounted to 6,310,000 yüan, a little less

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minded foreigner is apt to find it intensely wearisome. 493
A pony which can pace a little (the five mile an hour amble, 516
in Chinese, *tsou*) provides on the whole the least tiring method of travel in the North Western provinces; chairs are little used except in the Southern portions, and always entail trouble in getting bearers. We used ponies and pack mules throughout our journeys.

Leaving Kuanyint'ang there is a drop into a ravine and 487
then a stiff climb of a few hundred feet to reach the pass 491
over a range of mountains, the watershed between the Lo 133
and Yellow rivers. This ridge is really the end of one of the principal ranges of the Ch'inling Shan, the one which runs east and west right across Shensi immediately south of the Wei River. From the pass the road descends through undulating country to the township of Changmao Chen, where one is once more in the loess. From here it crosses a loess plateau, with typical valley rifts on either side, finally descending for the last mile to the village of Tzuchung. Changmao and Tzuchung, called 40 and 65 li from Kuanyint'ang respectively, are both used as stages for halts, but if the journey to Hsian is to be done in good time it is best to try and reach Shen Chou, another 50 li further on, on the first day's march. The road descends through deep loess cuttings to reach the latter, a little city on the banks of the Yellow River.

The traffic on this road is immense and an almost [484]
constant stream of carts and pack mules, laden mostly with cotton and hides on their way from Shensi to the coast, is met. In wet weather the mud is appalling; in dry weather the dust is if anything worse. There may be a happy mean, but the traveller who strikes it can consider himself lucky. The first time we travelled this road was in the mud; the second time, during the dry weather in early April, in the dust. In such weather the road is entirely hidden in vast clouds of dust in which the traffic is permanently shrouded. Those who have had experience of loess dust, which is so fine that it can be almost rubbed into the pores of the skin, will know what this means. The horseman can sometimes get away from the main road and its ankle-deep layer of dust by following small paths through the fields; but the passengers in carts and mule litters have to put up with it

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From T'ungkuan to Hsian is a distance of 290 li, which

can be covered in three long marches. The road, a broad tree-lined cart track, lies up the valley plain of the Wei River, with the great barrier range of the Ch'inling Shan on the left hand and the river on the right. The plain is one vast wheat-field, dotted with peculiar walled farms, each a formidable little fortress in itself; they are relics of the great Mahomedan rebellion and form a characteristic feature of the landscape in most parts of Shensi and Kansu. Nowadays the Mahomedans of Shensi are a negligible quantity, the majority having withdrawn westwards into Kansu, where they form an exceedingly important and powerful element in the population.

Forty li from T'ungkuan the district city of Huayin Hsien is reached, the inns lying in the suburb of Huayin Miao, five li east of the walled town. This latter village is the starting-point for the sacred mountain, the Hua Shan, a portion of the Ch'inling range. Seventy li further on the empty city of Hua Chou is passed, and 50 li beyond that Weinan Hsien, the centre of a particularly rich agricultural district, is reached.

The traffic on the roads of this fertile and populous plain is very great, and it is one of the absurdities of modern China that no railway should yet connect Hsian, the metropolis of the North West, with the coast. Railway construction on the plains of Central Shensi means little more than laying the rails on the necessary embankment and building a number of small bridges across the streams which flow down from the Ch'inling Shan into the Wei River. And while these rich and populous plains in the centre of China are innocent of every vestige of railway construction, a line has been built at great difficulty and expense through the mountains north of Peking past Kalgan to end in the air beyond Tatung in Northern Shensi. The Hsian line is a section of the Belgian Lung Hai railway referred to above, which has for the moment come to a stop at Kuanyint'ang in Honan. Failing railways the construction of a few good trunk roads fit for motor traffic would be of enormous advantage to the province and could be undertaken, as far as the plains of Central Shensi are concerned, at comparatively small cost. There can scarcely be another civilized country in the world which would be

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stitutes an isolated area sloping S.E. and hemmed in by surrounding mountains; in the case of the similar Yich'uan and Yunai basins further north, the surrounding mountains were perhaps not sufficiently high to keep out the floods, the ranges being themselves nowadays buried in loess.

From the pass there is an easy descent through a gorge for 20 li to Hsiehchia P'ing, the ruins of a hamlet destroyed by brigands, where several ravines join to form a stream flowing east towards the Yellow River. The surrounding mountain slopes are rocky and uncultivated, and except for the scarcity of water resemble the Ch'inling ranges rather than the mountains of Northern Shensi. From Hsiehchia P'ing the path follows up a side ravine which leads after an hour's scramble to another pass (4800 feet); it then drops straight down the mountain side into a gorge which is followed for four hours' march until it expands into a valley at Ch'iyi Chen, a small township called 100 li from Yich'uan, where we passed the night. This is an exceedingly long and tiring day's march over a rough and rocky trail, and my mules were nearly twelve hours on the road; but there is no accommodation short of Ch'iyi Chen, the mountains being almost uninhabited and the few huts passed having mostly been destroyed by the brigands, and we had no tents with us on this journey. Everyone was fairly exhausted when we got in, a tremendous thunderstorm during the last hour completing our discomfiture; but owing, as usual, to the thoughtful assistance of the district magistrate we were comfortably housed in the principal shop of the village. Throughout our long wanderings the preparation of accommodation of some kind at the end of a march by the local official made all the difference to our comfort; schools, yamens, forts, rest-houses, temples, shops, private residences, inns, farms, caves, huts, and tents, have all served us for accommodation at different times, and the order in which they are quoted represents roughly their comparative merits. Starting at daybreak after a cup of tea or cocoa we used usually to march for about three hours and then halt for an hour or two for a good square meal; in the meantime if the march was not too long the pack mules would travel right through, so that the baggage had arrived and was already unpacked by the time we got in in the early

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484 afternoon. This is the height of luxury in travel in North Western China. Riding good ambling ponies we used to average four miles or more per hour on a good trail, and a day's journey of 80 li seemed nothing under these conditions. But a few really tiring marches (and this is one of them) stand out in my memory, when we had to cover a hundred li or more over rocky mountain paths where it might be necessary to walk half of the way; the hardest day of all was a march on the Kokonor border, when we started at 6 a.m. and got in at 9 p.m., crossing a pass over 13,000 feet high on the way.

487 133 Leaving Ch'iyi Chen the track runs down the valley towards the Yellow River for a few li and then strikes straight up the mountain side to the south to reach the pass (3600 feet). This ridge is the boundary between the districts of Yich'uan and Hanch'eng, which are both very extended ones. From the pass there is a steep drop into a gorge and then a climb over a loess spur to reach the hamlet of Tuch'uan lying in a narrow ravine. From here the trail strikes again up the mountain side to the south, crosses a pass (4100 feet), and descends along a loess ridge with finally a steep drop to reach the walled village of Wangfeng Ch'iao lying in the narrow valley of a stream flowing east. From Ch'iyi Chen to Wangfeng Ch'iao is the middle stage in the three days' march between Yich'uan and Hanch'eng, and though only called 60 li in length is a tiring day's work, consisting of one long scramble up and down the mountains. As this route slants across the ridges to the S.E. and approaches the Yellow River, the passes decrease in altitude and some loess begins to reappear. The mountains in this neighbourhood appear to be full of iron ore.

From Wangfeng Ch'iao the track ascends the mountain side to the south to reach a pass (3400 feet) in the last range which bars the way to the plains. From the previous passes there were extensive views across the cañon of the Yellow River to the mountains of Shansi, but the river itself remained invisible; from this ridge it is seen for the first time, emerging from the mountains at the mouth of the 173 gorge known as Yümen K'ou. This is a very celebrated spot amongst the Chinese, since their annals record that the Emperor Yu (2000 B.C.) here cut a channel through the

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487 Han valley like the main road does. The trail runs S.W.
133 down this valley through fields of wheat and maize past several villages, such as Huangniu P'u, Hunghua P'u, and Ts'aoliang Yi, in any of which a halt can be made. The Tung Ho is here, in summer, already a fair-sized mountain torrent, only just fordable, and is joined by several tributary torrents from the wooded mountains on either side. Between Ts'aoliang Yi and Feng Hsien, a distance of 70 li, the river runs mostly through winding gorges, with the path, a good mule-trail, ledged in the cliff over the water.

[361] Feng Hsien, a third class district city, consists of one long street with a certain amount of life in it owing to the traffic on the high road. It lies hidden by poplars in a
[563] pretty cultivated valley. The confines of Kansu are not far off and there seem to be a good many Kansu Mahomedans in the district. There is plenty of loess in the Tung valley round Feng Hsien, though it is on the southern side of the Ch'inling watershed. There is not, so far as I know, any loess in the Han basin, but it may be noticed in the valleys of the headwater streams of the Chialing Chiang both here and above Li Hsien in Kansu, and doubtless in other places too. The presence of this loess south of the watershed range, which further east forms a barrier to and is the southern limit of this formation, seems to require a good deal of explaining; if the loess was deposited by water the fact that the relative height of the watershed above the ground north of it is so much lower in the west than in the east, may perhaps account for it.

• 484 We met a good deal of traffic on this road, in contrast to the empty trails of Northern Shensi, consisting of strings of coolies and pack-mules carrying tea, umbrellas, iron, etc., from Szechuan and the Han valley to Hsian and the towns of the Wei basin; when we got into Szechuan the contrast was still more marked, and the traffic was practically an endless procession of carrying coolies going both ways; and this in spite of the fact that Northern Szechuan abounds in brigands too, but apparently of a less formidable character than those of Northern Shensi.

487 At Feng Hsien the trail leaves the Tung River, which
133 flows S.W. into Kansu, and turns up the mountain side to the south, reaching the pass, the Feng Ling (6300 feet) after

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lying ranges of the Ch'inling Shan here meet the mountains which separate the Han valley from Szechuan and bring the plain abruptly to an end. There is some gold in the sands of the Han, as in almost all the rivers of Western China; but whereas the sources of many of the latter, and therefore the hills from which the gold comes, lie far off on the Tibetan plateau, those of the Han lie close at hand in these mountains, which ought, therefore, to be worth prospecting; they are said to be rich in other minerals as well.

The next regular stage on this road is one of 90 li to the village of Tai-an Yi. The trail runs west up the Han River, which here flows in a perfectly straight gorge, for 45 li to the village of Hsinwan P'u, which is of interest as the head of navigation for small boats; the Han is thus navigable for practically its entire course. The porterage west to the Chialing Chiang, which is also navigable, is only two or three marches over a low divide to the village of Yangp'ing Kuan, and the road is naturally a busy one, and carries much traffic between Shensi, Szechuan, and Kansu. At Hsinwan P'u the path leaves the Han for a time, passing through broken hills cultivated with maize and rice and dotted with the useful wood-oil tree, eventually returning to the river and following up its valley to reach Tai-an Yi, an old posting stage. The Han is remarkable for the suddenness with which it springs into existence as a navigable river. At Mien Hsien in the summer it is already a large stream; while one march further west, at Tai-an, it is a mere streamlet, and one is within a few hours of its source. At the other extreme are the two other chief rivers of Shensi, the Wei and the Lo, which, rising one in Central Kansu and the other on the Ordos border, are only navigable for short distances above their confluences with the Yellow River near T'ungkuan. The contrast is typical of China north and south of the Ch'inling Shan.

Above Tai-an the path turns south up the head-waters of the Han, now only a few inches deep. Beyond the hamlet of K'uanch'uan P'u, 30 li out, the valley narrows to a ravine, which leads an hour's march further on to a pass, the Wuting Kuan (about 4000 feet); whence the trail descends through a ravine in the jungle-clad mountains, past the hamlet of Tishih P'u, till it debouches into a larger

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We were well accommodated by the Mahomedans in their village. The Hutukotu was away "saying prayers in the grass-country" (*Ts'ao Ti Nien Ching*—as we were told), but the second lama in charge, an aged monk of refined and intelligent appearance, received us most amicably in a gorgeous apartment glittering with gold images and other signs of wealth, and gave instructions for us to be shown round the monastery. I am not sufficiently acquainted with Lamaism to be able to give an intelligent description of what we saw, but the temples were the finest and richest I have visited in China, and the residences of the monks the usual gloomy buildings common to all lamaseries. At our interview with the lama we were presented with the usual silk scarves (*Khata*), and it may be noted that the Chinese and Tibetans with us attached these in a prominent manner to their persons to show all and sundry that they had been received by the authorities of the monastery; I do not know whether this is a usual use to which to put the *Khata*, but it seemed a good idea here. After getting back to our quarters we found a present consisting of half a sheep for ourselves and several bushels of peas for our animals from the lama, which was very welcome in a country of scanty supplies.

From Labrang to Ho Chou is a distance of about 200 li, which is usually made in three stages. The first day's march took us back down the valley of the Tahsia River to Sasuma. From here the trail continues down the valley, which is here cultivated, past several small lamaseries, for 40 li to the village of Ch'aokou. Here gorges are entered through which the river winds for another 20 li to the village of Ch'ingshui (these villages are Chinese, or rather Mahomedan, with nothing Tibetan about them). The path ledged in the rock and supported by wooden stagings high above the torrent is very dangerous in places. There is an idea that mules and ponies accustomed to the mountains never fall, but this is by no means the case, and I have on more than one occasion seen an animal plunge to his death over the edge of one of these precipices, though fortunately we never lost one ourselves; it is always wise to dismount in such places. In spite of the dangerous nature of the road we met large numbers of mule caravans going up to Labrang

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with the goods of the Mahomedan merchants of Ho Chou.

We passed the night at Ch'ingshui, where we met a military officer sent up to escort us down into China Proper who calmly informed us with little apparent interest that China and Japan were at war. This news afterwards turned out to be a local echo of the crisis existing between the two countries two months previously, and the incident shows that even today momentous events on the coast have comparatively little interest for the inhabitants of the far interior. Below Ch'ingshui the path continues through winding gorges with the foaming torrent hemmed in by forest-clad mountains for 20 li to the likin barrier of T'ung-men Kuan, where the gorges debouch on to an open cultivated valley. This is one of the numerous "Gates" leading into and out of China Proper on her western and northern frontiers. There is a bit of an old wall to be seen, perhaps a portion of the Kokonor loop of the Great Wall. From here to Ho Chou, a distance of 60 li, a good highway runs down the fertile valley past numerous Mahomedan villages. We did not see the valley at its best, because it poured with rain during the whole march, and the clay soil was turned into a slippery morass; at one place, crossing a nullah by a narrow causeway, one of our mule litters containing a cook was overturned into the ditch, and remained literally upside down with the eight legs of the two mules pointing skywards for some time, till they were hauled out in that position, no damage being done.

Ho Chou (new name T'aoho Hsien) is a pleasant little city lying in a most delightful valley plain, from five to six thousand feet above the sea, sheltered by high mountains, and as fertile as a garden. The mountains to the west and south-west (T'aitzu Shan) are very bold and rocky, and carried a good deal of snow at the time of our visit (middle of July). Ho Chou itself consists of a small Chinese town with large and busy Mahomedan suburbs, containing many fine mosques and seminaries. It is the centre of Mahomedan power and influence in the province, and General Ma An-liang, who actually lives a day's journey or so away near the Yellow River, has a fine residence in the suburb. The Chinese magistrate in the city seems to have little to do

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to the background of desert hills. The red sandstone cliffs bordering the river are pocked with square caves similar to those on the Min River and other streams in Szechuan. The origin and use of these caves, whether they are old tombs or the former dwelling-places of an aboriginal race, are, I believe, still unknown. Here on the Yellow River several of them were inhabited and provided with ropes and ladders as means of access. I should have liked to have visited the inhabitants, but it was quite impossible to stop the heavy rafts in the swift current under the base of a perpendicular cliff of rock; it is very strange that anyone should want to live in a cave half-way up a sandstone cliff overhanging the Yellow River, with no other means of access but a rope or ladder up or down the rock, unless it be the inherited custom to do so, or as a refuge against robbers. In my experience these square-faced caves, which are of an entirely different style of architecture to the round-arched caves in the loess in which millions of Chinese still dwell, are only found in the faces of sandstone cliffs overlooking rivers.

Three hours below Powan we reached the district city of Chingyuan Hsien on the right bank of the river; it lies on an old main road from Shensi to Lanchou *via* Haich'eng which was in general use before the construction of the present road across the Liupan Shan, and appears still to carry a certain amount of traffic, mostly camel caravans. The valley opens out in this neighbourhood and there are cultivated strips along both banks for a space. Four hours below Chingyuan the river, hitherto flowing north-east, is running north-west between sandstone cliffs owing to the incidence of a range of mountains on the right front; this range appears to me to connect the main Nan Shan range with the Liupan Shan, which itself seems to run S.E. to join the Ch'inling Shan near Paochi, thus forming one continuous barrier trending across North West China from N.W. to S.E.; but this is only a guess. Near here we tied up for the night to some rocks on a shelving sand-bank.

Two hours further on the mountains are reached and the river enters a series of bare rocky gorges hemmed in by precipitous cliffs of red sandstone and shale, opening out in places to reveal a desolate wilderness of reddish mountains

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lawlessness of the past few years, which fact, however, only makes its commercial prosperity all the more remarkable. It evidently owes its importance to its position as the most westerly outpost of Chinese trade in this direction, and like Kueihua Ch'eng, is one of the starting-points for caravans going west. The Mahomedans appear to form an important element in the trading community. There was no civil official at the time of our visit, but a large garrison of soldiers; the inhabitants seem a rough lot, as is to be expected in a frontier town.

At Paot'ou our river journey came to an end and we hired carts to convey our baggage to Kueihua Ch'eng, distant four marches, the usual stages being, Salach'i 90 li, T'aossu Ho 70 li, Pihsuehchi 90 li, and Kueihua Ch'eng 80 li. The road runs east across an undulating cultivated plain accompanied by the Tach'ing Shan range on the north. Except for some marshy patches of grass land which have to be crossed, the going is good, and I have never known Chinese carts to travel faster, our ponies frequently having to trot to keep up with them. The traffic was surprisingly busy on the road which evidently carried a bigger trade than any trail in Kansu. The inhabitants are apparently all Chinese, but at a farm where we stopped for a meal the owner and his wife though dressed in Chinese clothes could only speak Mongol; and another sign of the former Mongol population is a picturesque lamasery on the mountain side, which from its appearance might equally well have been situated on the Kokonor border. The Mongol lamas are very like their Tibetan colleagues, as is shown by the accompanying photographs (see frontispiece) of a so-called Devil Dance, which were taken at a big monastery in Eastern Inner Mongolia, and represent the "Dance of the Black Hat," the commonest religious dance in Tibet. It represents an incident in Tibetan history namely the killing of King Glangdarma, the notorious persecutor of Buddhism, by the lama Dpalgirdarje in A.D. 842; the lama danced before the King in the costume shown in the photographs, concealing in his broad sleeves a bow and arrow. The photographs facing pages 200 and 202, which were taken at the same Mongolian monastery, also represent purely Tibetan ceremonies, namely the *torma* offering for warding off

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596 to control him. So great, indeed, was the change in
627 this restored and reinstated prodigal, that twelve months later, when we made a long and arduous journey to distant cities outside the Great Wall, he came with us as our personal carter, and fulfilled his duties with ability. So much for the development of the natural man, under wise and firm discipline, fairly and justly administered; but when the time came for our leaving Kansu, there had still been no evidence of spiritual life. One could not say of him, in the language of St. Paul: '*It is a new creation*'; the Prodigal had left his swine, but had not yet 'come to his Father.'

CHAPTER XIX

A TRIP TO KINTA

494 At the end of March, a good many of our students,
484 being obliged to return to their farms for a short period, we, with the remainder of the Band, made a trip in a north-easterly direction to visit Kinta, the only city lying between Suchow and Mongolia. As it was barely thirty miles distant we fully hoped to reach it easily in one day, although it was necessary to take the large cart for the Chinese women, in addition to some heavy loads of books and the tent. It being the first of April, subsequent events were in character with that day, the carter being one of those jolly rascals well known to travellers in China, who combine a sporting instinct with a very plausible tongue! He offered no sort of objection to our weighty baskets, but also took care, we noticed, to line the bottom of the cart with a layer of his own, unspecified, merchandise.

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'A little luggage, more or less,' said he. 'What's that? Look at my team. The best mules in Suchow!' 494

However, on the morning of our departure, the strong animals displayed the day before had disappeared, being now replaced (on account of sudden illness!) by three underfed and skinny mules, whose harness only half-concealed sore backs, yet to which the customary red-paper tickets were affixed, which assured the simple-minded traveller that the average pace was 'one thousand *li* by day, and eight hundred *li* by night.' 484

'The main road is under water,' the driver casually remarked, 'but I know every path in the whole district, and will take you by a route which, although it means *one* night on the journey, will save you from all mud-pits!' We had heard roads were bad, so easily fell into his well-prepared trap, and saw nothing strange in passing the livelong day in a featureless, arid land; but at sunset, a few trees on the horizon showed that we were reaching an irrigated belt, and we drew up before a single, lonely farm nearly surrounded by sand. We had expected an inn, but this house contained only two rooms, in one of which twelve men were sleeping, while the other seemed already overflowing with women and babies! The cart was turned round to shield us from the fierce wind, and we were preparing to spend the night in it, when the women, taking pity on us, made room for us on their *kang*. When the longed-for cup of tea arrived it was painful disappointment to find the water was brackish, so that the more we drank the thirstier we grew. After we had settled for the night, our deceptive carter called outside the window: 'You must rise,' he said, with a merry chuckle, 'at dawn if you wish to get in by nightfall. It is but ten miles, but those miles are long!' Accordingly, before sunrise we started once more on the lonely track and for

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hours travelled on, meeting no one. Once we passed a tiny fragment of humanity, the corpse of a little baby, thrown away by some traveller. Now and again, wherever a slight eminence showed itself, a mound of stones, constructed to look like a human figure, had been erected by the Mongols as an altar to their god. Our chariot wheels drove very heavily, and by common consent we sank into a deep silence, lest conversation should increase our thirst. Towards midday we met a traveller, who genially enquired whither we were wending? 'To Kinta,' was our reply. 'To Kinta!' he exclaimed, leaping up in his seat, 'but you are going in the opposite direction!'

At this juncture our resourceful carter came running up. 'I am taking this road,' he explained, 'to avoid mud-pits,' and with one meaning look he immediately made an accomplice of the stranger, who now in a level voice remarked: 'Certainly *this* way you will find neither mud nor pits,' and promptly drove on. This led us to speak straightly to our deceiver, whose quick wits immediately supplied him with a subterfuge.

'Kinta *city*? That is still a long way off, but your man, who engaged me, said you wanted to preach your religion in Kinta *district*; we shall enter that in a few hours.' Nightfall found us wandering over boggy ground, where various farmsteads dimly outlined themselves against the sky. And here our perfidious guide for once showed his hand. 'I have relations living near here,' he announced, his eyes sweeping the landscape; 'charming people! a good house, too; plenty of room, plenty of fodder; why not spend the night here? So much better than an inn, you know; more like your own home.'

There was no choice but to acquiesce, and in a few minutes (the cart having meanwhile stuck in the

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morass) the whole of the party made its way on foot to a wretched hovel, where on the damp ground, amidst indescribable dirt, we spent the night. Incidentally, we discovered that we were expected at this house; and that the carter was smuggling illicit goods to his friends under cover of our tracts. The next day the mules were changed for oxen. 'There are rivers ahead,' said the man, in a confidential whisper; 'nothing like oxen for crossing water. This, my nephew, (here he indicated a lad of about sixteen) 'understands the fords thoroughly, and he will now take you on for the rest of the way.'

Knowing there could be no danger from rivers at this season of the year, but feeling that we might, at this rate, never reach our destination at all, we accepted the new arrangement, trusting 'Welcome Home' to see us safely through; and late that afternoon, in a snowstorm, we reached Kinta.

It proved to be an interesting place, colonised two hundred years ago by people from Taiyüanfu, in Shansi, and though small, yet from its position on well-watered land of large extent, it is a place of importance.

The Golden Tower, from which Kinta takes its name, is in Indian style, as are also many of the temple frescoes and wooden idols of the cities north-west of Kanchow, showing that at one time Indian art had strongly imprinted its mark in the Province of Kansu. The dome of the tower is said to have originally been covered with pure gold, which was stripped off by the Moslems and replaced by brass; and this having in turn been stolen, the whole tower was subsequently whitewashed, as it is to-day.

In the spring the temples all hold separate festivals in honour of their respective gods, and we were in Kinta when the *Cheng Wang* (protective deity of the

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returned, and the Military Guard of Kiayükwan having bade us 'good-bye and a pleasant journey,' we started off in good spirits; nevertheless, silence soon fell on us when we realised we had turned our backs on China, and were ourselves literally without the Gate.

We were now[1] to learn by personal experience that the cold of the desert nights is only equalled in intensity by the midday heat. Water being unobtainable for very long distances, the strain is too great for the animals during the day, consequently all stages must be taken by night. It was 5 p.m. when the many-storeyed tower of the fortress finally disappeared beyond the horizon, and the undulating expanse of the Gobi was all that was to be seen lying around on every side. Desert travelling is a memorable experience. Immediately after sunset an icy breath steals along the earth's surface, and instantly the carter dons his heavy sheepskin coat. Silence instinctively falls on the party as the twilight swiftly closes in, and the horses settle to a steady stride. Thanks to the telegraph poles with their single wire, we still have *one* link left with the outer world; so we cannot miss our way.

Generally, once in the night, we passed a string of carts from distant Turkestan, or we heard, a good half-hour before they actually appeared, the clang of bells belonging to a caravan of at least fifty camels, which shuffled past us grunting, soon to be swallowed up in the surrounding shadows. Some time in the night we heard the jingle of merry bells peculiar to one traveller, and all would cry out: 'Here come the Mails.' Unlike all other riders, the Courier comes at a sharp canter, his heavily-laden horse in a lather. At each stage a fresh horse and messenger are waiting to carry on the bags. He is always cheerful, always friendly, and full of information. According to his account it is we who are

1 [Between Kiayükwan and Yümen--Analyst]

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ably become detached, and had then fallen down. Such an incident would, of necessity, be viewed by the Chinese with dismay, the only possible course open, in order to avoid calamity, being to spread a feast before the gods, and then restore the tablet to its place of honour. The gentleman had, however, in the meantime become a Christian, and on making enquiry found that the day on which he first entered the Mission premises at Suchow was the self-same day on which the tablet had fallen. His answer, therefore, to the priest was as follows: 'You may act as you please with your own temple, but as for me and my house we will serve the Lord.'

On the evening of our departure from Chikinpu, so as to shorten the journey, we decided to follow a side-path leading over rough ground, and also across a river, before rejoining the main, desert track. When we had gone about three miles our servant suddenly discovered the loss of a large packet of books, which had, apparently, fallen from the back of the cart. Ineffectual search was made until sunset, by which time the carters became reluctant to pursue a strange path by the fading light, so they suggested that, by adding five miles to the journey, we could follow another route which was more frequented than the shorter one. We, however, decided to return to the inn, although we knew that by so doing we should violate every Chinese instinct, the popular idea being, that to retrace one's steps is to court ill-luck. But the next day, both Christians and heathen alike recognised the fact that we had been protected by a Divine Power, for we then learnt, that had we proceeded on our way we must inevitably have arrived at a certain spot just when a band of brigands, sweeping down from the hills, had attacked the caravans travelling that night. We were

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CHAPTER XXIII

THE OASIS OF TUNHWANG

TUNHWANG is, in the opinion of the inhabitants of neighbouring cities, so gay a place as to merit the name of 'Little Peking,' but as four days particularly hard travelling separate it from Ansi, which is the nearest town, we were warned of hardship ahead in getting there. We were therefore advised to fill every available bottle, to carry a sack of bread and one of flour, and to occupy every space left, with feed for the animals. On leaving Ansi we made a straight line for a long volcanic range which we had already sighted on coming, and which we now followed the whole way. The aspect of these hills was different every hour, seeming now near, now far, and blue, purple, or silver-grey, according to the course of the sun. They were bare of all vegetation, and scored by innumerable watercourses, which disappeared into a gently-sloping, barren, gravel plateau. The so-called inn, which marked each stage, was but a rude shelter inhabited by two men, and the only water was a brackish well. The last night was the hardest of all. The road had stretched over an expanse of salt, glittering in the star-light. We had expected a good rest when we reached the inn, but on arriving were told that the fodder supply being now nearly exhausted, there would not be enough left for another feed, so we must leave in four hours' time, if the mules were to have strength left to pull us through the deep sand now lying ahead. Accordingly, after a brief halt we started, and at 4 a.m., chilled to the bone by the biting wind, and utterly weary for want of sleep, we felt almost at the end of our powers. The

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last watch before dawn dragged itself slowly out. There was no telegraph wire to cheer us, there being no line to Tunhwang, so we were dependent for guidance on a landmark erected at each half-stage, and which by daylight was visible for many miles. At last our carter stopped at a tiny hut ; the men thundered on the door until an old woman opened it, and in a few minutes a crackling wood fire restored life and hope, as we stood round it in the little hovel reeking with opium fumes. Presently the old dame, seeing how perished we were with cold, threw a handful of dried leaves into a pot of boiling water, and ladled us out an infusion, in whose restorative powers she professed the greatest belief. It may have been the herb, or the fire, or her kindness, or perhaps the combination of all three, but most certainly we were presently able to go on our way with new strength.

It took us six hours to reach the gates of Tunhwang, and in the bitter cold of the hour before sunrise we were fortunate enough to pick up a bundle of straw, dropped from a peasant's cart, to which we set light, and after warming ourselves, went on invigorated. All round the city are large orchards of a park-like character, watered by rushing streams, and planted with thousands of trees, a great proportion being pear trees, for the fruit of which the place is celebrated. The early frosts had already touched the leaves, and the whole scene was ablaze as with golden flames. It was the fourteenth day of the eighth moon (October 1st), the eve of the Moon Festival, when offerings of every description of fruit are made to that luminary, and the street stalls were piled with 'moon cakes,' apples, grapes and nectarines—an attractive spectacle to us after our weary journey.

The geographical position of the city is such as to

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scarce over there, and so he has appointed these persons to select brides for the young men of his household ! ' 006

At this point, first the audience, and then the lecturer, caught sight of us, and the discourse came to an abrupt close. The crowd greatly enjoyed our amusement, as well as that of the staid and sober Elder Liu, who now set to work to dispel any remaining illusions as to our authority for negotiating royal alliances !

CHAPTER XXIV

THE CAVES OF THE THOUSAND BUDDHAS

ALMOST from the day of our arrival, both gentry and scholars continually asked us the question : ' Have you ever heard of the " Caves of the Thousand Buddhas," eighteen miles from here ? ' and all were proportionately delighted when we told them that the fame of these works of art was world-wide. ' Then go and see for yourselves how they compare with the paintings in your own country,' they urged ; but in view of the late experiences of the Harvard party we felt the situation to be a delicate one, and allowed ourselves to be a good deal pressed before signifying our intention of making Chienfutung a visit. And even then, when, after the lapse of some days, we began our arrangements, we were quite prepared to abandon them if any objection from official quarters had been raised. When the day came, however, and the animals were being harnessed, an officer made his appearance in the yard, and with great courtesy announced the fact that a military escort was to accompany us, the road being difficult and lonely ; and he added, seeing we were now ready : ' Start when you like, the escort can easily overtake 484 •

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484 you.' We had not gone very far when a mounted soldier galloped alongside. 'Ask him his honourable name,' said the senior member of the party from the recesses of the cart, 'and how many children he has.' This led on at once to a friendly conversation, and soon we were supplying the soldier with pears, and a share in the lunch we were carrying, while in return he gave us an immense amount of information, more or less reliable, about the whole district. The road proved indeed difficult to find, and as, from the moment of leaving the fertile land surrounding the city, until we reached Chienfutung, we did not meet a single human being, we should have inevitably wasted much valuable time had we been unescorted. For some time we ploughed our way heavily through the loose sand, to emerge finally on a gravel *glacis* of uncompromising sterility. Eastward stretched a range of sandy foothills, whose outlines were always changing under the bidding of the winds, but which, tradition affirms, hide beneath them the ruins of a very early civilisation, while ancient records speak of at least two towns, at one time ruled by Mongol princes, no traces of which can now be found. The whole impression given, is that of a thickly-inhabited district overtaken by some cataclysm, which has left Tunhwang to stand alone—an island of verdure in an ocean of sand. After three hours' travelling, the coarse grit gave place to boulders, with flakes of mica glittering on the ground; then, following what seemed to be the bed of a former river, bordered by cliffs of conglomerate, rising gradually to a great height, we were led to the back of the sandhills, where unexpectedly we entered upon a green oasis planted with fine young poplar trees, some still vividly green, while others had already changed to clearest yellow. Here were the rock-temples.

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~~Sinkiang AI-1~~

000 One of our students had crossed the Gobi to buy a stock of the medicinal plants which grow in the oases. He strongly recommended us to take the journey as he had done. 'Cheap and easy,' was his comment; 'I joined the camel drivers, and took it slowly. For twenty taels I rode their beasts, slept in their tents, and they fed me for over two months.'

'You may spend a lot of money in hiring carts and buying mules,' said one old wiseacre, 'but believe me the best way to travel is with a string of small donkeys. They eat little, are quick on their feet, and if some die the loss is insignificant.'

Some of our lady friends, the wives of officials had travelled these roads, and their comment generally was: 'We get into the carts at sunset, and know nothing until we reach our inn the next day'—a statement which we easily believed, knowing as we did that the opium tray is always served to official parties as the mules are being harnessed. Upon two points, however, all agreed, namely, that when travelling at midsummer, all stages must be taken by night, and that mules are preferable to horses, as the latter suffer severely from drinking the medicinal waters of the desert.

[484 492

Having therefore duly listened to all possible expert advice obtainable from the Asian tribesmen who incessantly roam from end to end of that vast country, we proceeded to make our preparations for the expedition in accordance with their instructions, beginning by asking the help of friendly innkeepers in the important matter of securing suitable animals. It is a common occurrence for carters to find themselves short of money on their long journeys, and therefore to dispose of both carts, horses or mules in Suchow so as to raise sufficient funds, but a great many of the beasts offered were such

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~~Sinkiang-Al-2~~

house had proved to bring a blessing, so we were welcomed accordingly. On one occasion, to our joy the innkeeper's wife assured us that she had never once touched the opium-pipe since our last visit, for we had told her distinctly that this *must* go if she would serve God. Then, too, the stages seemed easier, from the fact of their familiarity, as we now knew when to look out for a deserted city, or a clump of trees, or a rushing stream, or a sandy waste. We passed with even more wonder than formerly the site of the buried city of Pulungki, and marvelled once again that so extensive a town could have been recaptured by the Gobi till from being a busy habitation of men it had become the haunt of wolves.

There is a certain ancient river-bed a few miles out from Santaokow, which must hold some considerable underground water supply, since groves of fine trees border it, among which was a large-leafed willow growing to the size and shape of an English oak. The villagers had also effected an arboreal experiment there which was new to us, for we saw large plantations of young willows grafted with poplar, and they told us that by this means they produced a very useful tree, having the quick-growing properties of the willow together with the superior wood of the poplar.

As on former occasions our journeys were taken by night, but being midsummer the hours of darkness were brief, and we had the benefit of a long evening as well as of an early dawn, which enabled us to take more note of our surroundings. Ansi seemed more deeply submerged in the encroaching sands than even before. One more winter of sandstorms had passed over it, and its population bore the impress of yet another winter of opium indulgence. Our inn rooms seemed more than usually gloomy and filthy, while over the

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~~Sinkiang AF 1~~

484 *kang*, scratched by a nail in the grime of the wall, were the following lines:

'To-day we came to Ansichow;
Midday to morn onward we go;
All through the night carters' oil-bottles flow;
Heat, hunger, thirst, cold I now truly know;
The mere sight of a cart makes my courage sink low!'

This gloomy poem referred, we knew only too well, to the next stage of the journey, spoken of by the carters as a 'thirty-mile march which, with luck might be accomplished in eighteen hours.' On the opposite wall some homesick traveller had also written:

'Tho' a man travels far, yet his heart bides at home,
'Tis the prospect of wealth that still urges him on.
But he looks for home joys when his hardships are past,
And his wife's well-trimmed lamp guides his feet back at last.'

484 From Ansi we entered on a period of twelve brackish
312 water stages, and with this in view we bought some gourds as water-bottles, in addition to the aluminium flasks we always used for our personal supply, as well as a large zinc can given us by a Turki friend. There
[244] was still no fruit to be had, but cucumbers were plentiful.
[563] The Turki bakers, who formerly supplied us with excel-
[486] lent bread, had vanished. They were unable any longer to travel freely, and preferred returning to their
252 own people in Turkestan. We, however, laid in good stocks of *kwo kwei*, so familiar to every traveller in Kansu. These are round loaves of bread, two inches thick, measuring two feet across, and are baked on a circular iron plate covered with an iron lid, beneath and above which straw is burnt, while the heat of the smouldering embers suffices to cook the loaf.

000 A few days were enough for rest and provisioning, and for the small repairs needed by the carts, then once

valley plains, which in the rarefied atmosphere saps the last strength of all living creatures and makes the heart pump as though it would burst when one works one's way through.

Crossing the Tsassora pass (4,550 meters) on January 31 was child's play, although that was the place where in 1904 our caravan was well-nigh destroyed. In the afternoon we had the first snowstorm. During it a pack of yak came within a few paces of our camp. They were the first we saw since I had left the Tschang tang in the fall. Although we had seen no more tents after Tschebts'a, we also did not find indications of the temporary presence of animals in the lower regions. I believe that in East Tibet the wild yak do not go below 4,000 meters, and in places where humans settle at certain times, the animals no longer occur. Its range is only there where man himself passes through like a fugitive animal. (1)

1. The boundary of the wild yak habitat is almost identical with the line which on my survey map separates human habitation from the uninhabitable territory of High Tibet.

Every day beyond Tschabtscha we came across the campsites of the Horkurma Tsung wa. Every day their traces grew fresher. We were coming closer and closer to them. But another large caravan was in front of us. Sometimes it occupied the same campsites as the Horkurma. The second caravan was even larger and stronger. According to the number of cooking places, we estimated that there were about seventy horsemen and far more than half a thousand pack oxen. There was no doubt in our minds that this large caravan consisted of homeward-bound K'am people who annually came over from the Yangtze Valley and - as we had learned - had left Dankar again at Christmas time. On the second of February we came across a small young ox that the caravan had lost and that grazed by itself by the side of the road at a large campsite. It seemed to have recovered completely and was very lively, although it showed signs of having fought a hard battle with wolves. There were deep scars of bites on its heels and blood stuck to one of its horns, and a large bunch of yellowish wolf hair. Without a word the yak was bound by the Mohammedans and slaughtered according to their rites. We were all ravenously hungry for meat; the few hares and hens that I killed were never enough. Even though the meat did not look sick, it had a disastrous effect on us. Three of us had to be lifted up on our horses the next day and tied on; we had a high fever and /105/ /Plates XVII,